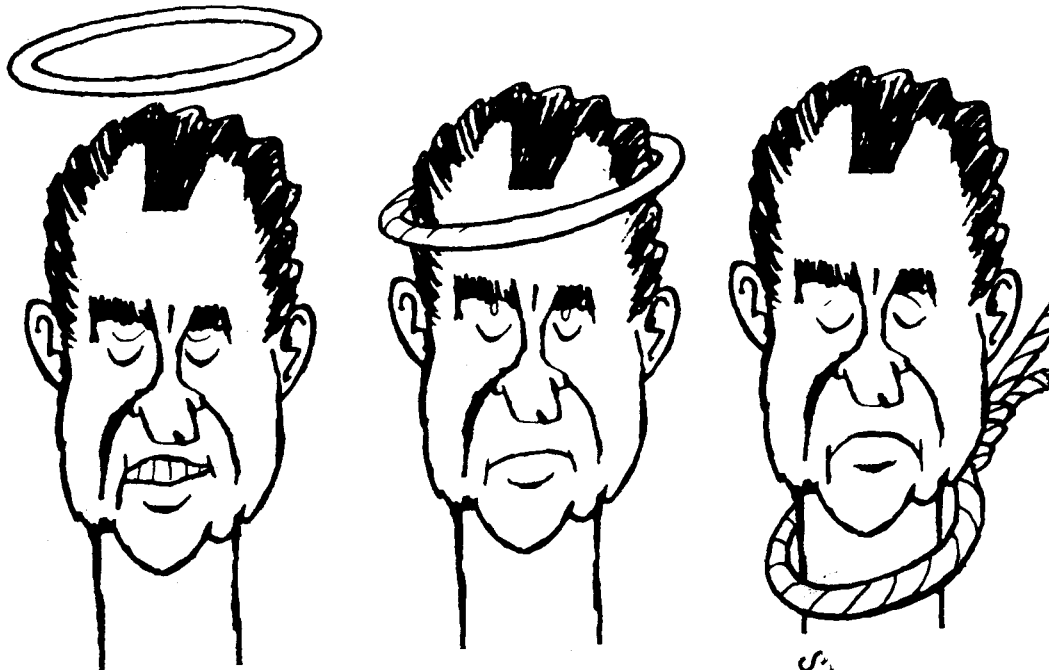


Commonweal



WATERGATE

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT
WES BARTHELMES

NIXON'S SECRET STORM
MICHAEL MURRAY

ST. CHARLES' SEMINARY LIBRARY
JUL 27 1973
CARTHAGENA STATION, CELINA, OHIO

ON LIBRARY
MICH

OUTSIDE

HENRY TEN BOURGNEILL

MARRIAGE

LS

REVIEWS:

KIRKPATRICK SALE, VIVIAN
MERCIER, JOHN GARVEY

THE MONK AS CRIMINAL
JOHN J. NAVONE

CORRESPONDENCE



Merton's Power

Ojai, Calif.

To the Editors: I protest Benjamin Saltman's conclusion [May 11] that Thomas Merton's poems are valid indication that this "mystic, priest, poet, Catholic apologist, social critic" died a bitter man who had lost "the light" of "his years of high innocence and faith."

Certainly more lucid and voluminous than his poems are the essays and books that he wrote right up to his death in 1968. If Mr. Saltman would read the slim paperback book called "Contemplative Prayer," published two months before Merton's death, he would find his disappointment in the monk's spiritual life unnecessary. To understand Thomas Merton's mind, he would enjoy "Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander," a journal of his thoughts on the social scene of the 1960's, and the large book on the Contemplative in the world today, which tells exactly why he was interested in Zen. It was *not* because he was disillusioned in Christian monasticism. On the contrary. He wanted to find the common meeting ground of east and west in the contemplative life.

But I think Mr. Saltman's second sentence reveals the root of his misunderstanding. He says that "the career of a mystic, one hopes, and the spiritual recipes agree, should proceed by gradual if agonizing steps toward the light." Once reached, he believes, the mystic "retires to serene and silent holiness."

Not so. The "spiritual recipes" don't say that at all. At least the Christian mystics don't. And Merton says that he read assiduously John of the Cross when he had no taste for any other spiritual writer outside the Bible. No, every novice entering religious life is introduced to the concept of the *dark night of the soul*, in which the soul learns its utter dependency on divine grace, love, mercy. The "divine light of

faith is thick darkness to the soul," our mystics have always told us. "Even as the light of the sun overwhelms lesser lights," John of the Cross wrote, so does the light of God seem like darkness to our intellect. Merton experienced the joy and glory-world of the convert—then went on to the dark nights, of which the great mystics tell of two: the night of the senses, followed by the night of the spirit. This latter is compared to Christ's dereliction on the cross and the "Father, why hast Thou abandoned me?"

If Merton lost the light of his first joy in faith, he had to, according to Christian authorities on the mystical life. But when you read his last books, as well as his earliest, you can't accept the final poems quoted by Mr. Saltman as any expression of Merton's personal revolt.

Thomas Merton's final treatise on contemplative prayer dwells, toward the end, on the testing of the man of prayer "by dread and dereliction." He says that this is a kind of hell, but "a hell of mercy" in which the soul experiences fully "one's nothingness, but in a spirit of surrender to God with desire to accept and do his will, not in a spirit of diffuse hatred, disgust and rebellion. . . . It is in this 'hell of mercy' that . . . we find ourselves lost and liberated in the infinite fullness of God's love."

He never said it better, and this was two months before he died, Mr. Saltman.

MARIEL MCGLASHAN

Louisville, Ky.

To the Editors: Your recent article, "Thomas Merton and the Divided Power" by Benjamin Saltman [May 11], begs for a reply. Know that I am not among the ranks of any who might press for Merton's candidacy for a Pulitzer Prize, but Mr. Saltman's grasp of Merton's poetics and spirituality appalls me. "Disappointing" he calls it? Well, right back at him! To begin, Mr. Saltman's facile juxtaposition of the early poems of the '40s and the later poems of what he calls "disillusion" and "growing bitterness" grates any knowledgeable reader of Merton. Of course the early poems are more lyric,

the conventionalized, often metered verses tumbling with tight metaphors and similes. But to attribute the difference to some dubious loss of mystical "light which once suffused his life" shortchanges Merton, the poet.

Certainly his early poems answer the "need to dramatize the existence of spirit in things, of God in the world." He would never retreat from that perspective, either. Perhaps wax more subtly, but never renege. But does that demand "the dominance of spirit *over* nature" as Mr. Saltman reads Merton? Not in the least. Merton was perhaps his own most unkind critic. He confessed in a 1967 *Motive* interview to having operated with too crude a theology as a young man in the 1940s: the sacred-profane, nature-grace, natural-supernatural categories standing too polarized.

It appears precisely that gulf between the sacred and profane that Mr. Saltman is so enamored of in his reading of Merton. He interprets Merton as content to have "two worlds, a world of spirit and a world of things." If this "special realm of spirit," product of a caricatured Merton, the "dazzled child of faith" of the 1940s stands, it means ultimately to miss the genius of his poetics and the *compassion* of his social voice.

Mr. Saltman hardly evidences any familiarity with Merton's spiritual corpus. "Spiritual recipes," he speaks of? (Merton would cringe at the phrase.) One wonders whether he might recognize a doctrine like "Incarnation" as a Christian province. He is hardly alert to the dynamic of Incarnation I find informing Merton's poetry as well as his voluminous spirituality! E.g., *grace builds* on nature; *divinization elevates* nature (cf. the Greek Fathers—Merton knew them well and their *theoria physica* to which he repeatedly appealed), a sacramental vision of Creation grounded in the fact of the Incarnation. Perhaps he might reread Merton and alert himself to the Incarnation motif that pervades his Christology. Merton is hardly an escapist, especially in the later, indeed subtly ironic and satiric poems. The very ten-

sive qualities between spiritual values and "values of the body" are richly imaged in Merton's entire corpus. And the dimension of *time* is packed into his verse. The Incarnation initiates a tremendous *paschal* action, "passing over" and *through* the human condition and cosmically extending to all the world (Col. 1: 15-20).

There is a pronounced difference between the earlier poems and the later ones (e.g., *Cables to the Ace*, 1968, from his mature poetic voice and perhaps his masterpiece) but these last ones are hardly "disillusioned" or the failure of "a poet to transform that world." Merton developed enormously as a knowledgeable poet; yet Mr. Saltman has refused to come to grips critically with two decades of Merton's poetry. John J. Higgins, S.J. has charted the central notion of "transformation of consciousness" in Merton (*Merton's Theology of Prayer*, 1971) and I suggest that the poems most richly mark its development in their imagery. How charge that "the poet capitalizes on the irrelevance of the images to the physical circumstance. . . ." For starters do read "On the Anniversary of My Baptism," "Night-Flowering Cactus," "Aubade: Lake Erie," "Dirge For a Town in France," "Elegy for the Monastery Barn," for imagery sustaining itself through typography, a technique upon which Merton artfully wrights his poems. For it is typical of him to body forth his poems through such concrete, sensuous images—they're his *forte* (Mark van Doren also said that!).

Mr. Saltman has made some valid, but severely limited criticisms. I find much more there in Merton, the poet. (Maybe it is because I respect the theology animating him!) There was never a dramatic time when he finally opted out of "clothing" his faith in words of poetry—even his guide John of the Cross indulged in it, to say nothing of his more immediate heroes, Hopkins, Blake, Rilke. There was an increased "incarnational" principle wording his mature poems of those later years.

(Continued on page 415)

CORRESPONDENCE: 394

A ROMAN ABBOT OUTSIDE THE WALLS: Henry ten Kortenaar 396
ON CELIBACY AND MARRIAGE: Michael Novak 398
WATERGATE: CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: Wes Barthelmes 399
WATERGATE: NIXON'S SECRET STORM: Michael Murray 404
THE SCREEN: Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr. 405
THE MONK AS CRIMINAL: John J. Navone 407
BOOKS: Kirkpatrick Sale, Vivian Mercier, John Garvey, Mark Taylor 411
ILLUSTRATIONS: Front Cover, JUSP, Wir Bruckenbauer, Switzerland

JAMES O'GARA: Editor
 RAYMOND A. SCHROTH: Associate Editor
 PHILIP T. HARTUNG, COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.: Movies
 BRIAN WICKER: Great Britain
 HENRY TEN KORTENAAR: Rome
 LOUIS MICHAEL COLONNESE: Latin America
 JOHN DEEDY: Managing Editor
 ANNE ROBERTSON: Editorial Assistant
 JOHN FANDEL: Poetry
 ALAIN WOODROW: Paris
 JOHN COONEY: Dublin

EDWARD S. SKILLIN: Publisher

JOHN BRUBAKER: Advertising Manager

COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.

Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

Printed in the USA and published weekly,

except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and June to mid-September,

by Commonwealth Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

Murray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1973 Commonwealth Publishing Co., Inc.

US and Canada: \$14 a year. Foreign \$16. Single copies 40¢

THE MORAL ISSUE

One of the more disturbing aspects of the Watergate investigations is the reluctance of the American public—and of its leaders in both the Congress and the White House—to confront the growing scandal as a moral issue. President Nixon has called it a "deplorable incident." Yet, what precisely is deplorable about it? To John Dean III it was a "cancer" and a "tragedy." Yet cancer, while painful and even fatal, implies no moral guilt; and the script of a tragedy usually involves a great man brought down by fate—by powers beyond his control—and a crucial personal flaw. Here we have no Oedipus, no Lear. Not even Willy Loman.

According to John Mitchell the bizarre Liddy plan of bugging, espionage and prostitute spies was "stupid" and "unnecessary"—a "horror story." Yet the Mitchell moral imagination still seems able to envision no greater horror than the election of George McGovern. To Martha Mitchell, who deserves to be taken seriously at least as a person, the principal tragedy seems to be her husband's fall from power: "Four years ago we had everything, and now we have nothing." Barry Goldwater has boldly disassociated himself from Watergate "stupidity" and called up the ghost of Mary Jo Kopechne to keep Ted Kennedy from making any moral pronouncements. Others, alas, have "indicated" that subverting the whole electoral system may have been "inappropriate" at that point in time.

There are lots of things wrong with televised Congressional hearings. They give instant fame to men who might never have won public attention by their intelligence, vision or strength of character. They allow a limited man to capitalize too much on down-home humor, the clever retort, the righteous pose, or the empty handsome face which, by some magic, is supposed to qualify him to be the next President of the United States. And we must acknowledge that these hearings are not just an investigation but also the revolt of an often ineffectual legislative branch of government against an executive branch that has brought on this rebellion by its arrogance and irresponsibility.

Yet, we must be grateful for these public hearings because of what they are revealing about our national moral character. We must find out whether we are becoming a nation of smooth-faced, soft-spoken, middle-aged boys, hustlers and packagers, loyal not to profoundly held personal convictions but to the Boss. It is as if the new Golden Rule in America had become: "To

Get Ahead, Go Along.”

A moral issue can still be the most powerful force in American politics—especially when it is clear, as it is today, that the network of deception and power-grabbing known as Watergate violates the moral foundations of democracy: trust in the people, respect for individual rights, and belief in some correspondence between civil, natural and divine law. The churches and universities that trained the conspirators might ask themselves again what they might do to raise the ideals of the young. And the Democratic party might ask itself why its young leaders have had so little of substance to say.



A Roman Abbot Outside the Walls

Pentecost 1973 in Rome, opening day of the preparation for the Holy Year. During the night a group of Traditionalists from various countries have prayed and sung until dawn in St. Peter's Square. Later in the day they will hold a procession, endlessly singing *Hosanna Filio David* and *Ave Ave Maria*, to the bewilderment and irritation of the first homecoming Romans, at the end of just another summer Sunday. Their banners proclaim, in French: Give us the Mass, the Catechism, the Holy Scriptures back; We want to stay Catholic, We do not want to become Protestants. It is their third Pentecost March, announced as one of the biggest church events since the Vatican Council; but their number has dwindled, from 7,000 (according to the organizers) in 1971 to less than 2,000 this year.

At noon, while they are still recovering from their vigil, the blinds of the famous window in the Vatican Palace swing open, and Pope Paul appears, far above the waiting crowd. He has had his doubts whether the tradition of the Holy Year “deserves to be kept up in our time . . . when such a large portion of the modern world is indifferent to the ritual expressions of former ages.” But now he is satisfied that it answers modern man's deepest aspirations: he trusts that the Holy Year will bring about “a profound moral reform” and “bring together all men, regardless of class, race, nationality, status, economic, social or cultural development.” What is it that makes popes so confident that their own celebrations will have effects no other celebration has ever had before, that in their particular time will happen what hasn't happened 25, or 50, or 500 years earlier?

Like the Roman Curia and other ecclesiastical implement:” What is it that makes popes so confident that spiritual advantages can now be obtained locally, in each diocese, without the traditional visits to the Roman basilicas. But Rome, being the Holy City it is, and

the center of Christianity, still has a privileged position: its spiritual preparation will be longer and more intense than elsewhere, and the Commission for the Holy Year foresees the need of accommodating the astonishing number of 25 million pilgrims, seven times the entire city population (part of which, it should be noted, still lives in the same primitive shacks as during the last Holy Year of 1950).

At the same hour, in the basilica of St. Paul's Outside the Walls, Abbot Giovanni Franzoni preaches his usual sermon at the usual community Mass. He, too, speaks of the Holy Year, but he does not expect miracles. Looking for a meaningful way to celebrate a Holy Year in our time, he goes back to the biblical Jubilee, when the land was redistributed in order to prevent the few from accumulating property at the expense of the many: for “the Earth belongs to God.” His attention, too, is focused on Rome, but only because this is where he and his community happen to live. Looked at from the ground level, it turns out to be as unholy as any other modern city—with the difference that “we, Church” are deeply involved in its unholiness, in the land speculation, the oppression and exploitation of the poor, the privileges and power of the few.

“At this point, I am bound to make a deep personal reflection. Many have told me: ‘but you stay within these structures, even at the hierarchical level’” (as abbot of St. Paul's he is also a bishop). “‘You go on leading an easy affluent life, and from that height you bow down to the poor.’ Now, to me this is a real problem to which I am trying to find an answer.” The desert in which the ancient monks sought their sanctification is no longer the countryside, where the rich have built their villas, but the city outskirts, the disagreeable noise, the bad smells, the overcrowded apartments where the poor live. Without passing judgment on the sheltered life of the cloister, the modern monk must at least ask himself whether he should not try to create a new form of monastic peace in the same precarious conditions of life and work as the city poor. “In this direction I choose to seek, in the near future, a new type of life. And I do this precisely because today all words have become worn out and empty.”

His own certainly sounded the most real of all those spoken on this Sunday, and they created the greatest stir. But who is Giovanni Franzoni? Elected Abbot in 1964, at the age of 36, he soon made it clear that his idea of “monastic peace” was different from the one practiced before at the ancient monastery. St. Paul's had ceased to be “outside the walls” and was now surrounded by a dreary city district, with insufficient schools, playgrounds and other community services. “We could not just pull up the drawbridges,” he said later, “and continue as before . . . If my own, dearly bought, monk's peace ignores the injustice crying outside the abbey, it becomes an unjust peace.” Although traditionally the

Abbot's only public function was to preside over the solemn monastic liturgy, he began saying Mass for the people and preaching—and his sermons were, and are, highly unusual in Rome: unusually well informed about the living conditions of those outside the monastery, and of the injustices of a capitalistic city, unusually aware of the Church's responsibilities, through its silence, its dependence on secular power, its accumulation of wealth. They called, not for meekness and resignation, but for justice—and soon they drew a large group of interested laypeople, one of the first "spontaneous groups" in Italy, and the only one to be inspired and guided by a bishop.

At first the new lay community of St. Paul's drew little attention: it looked like just another harmless group of people who preferred guitars to church organs, and were willing to "do good" besides. But slowly their way of "doing good" turned out to be different from the usual "charities," and to have dangerous political implications: class solidarity, anti-militarism, conscientious objection, opposition to the Vietnam war, and such like. The community (and Franzoni himself) even took part in the occupation of two factories near the monastery. There was one, more pathetic than dangerous, aggression in church, when the guitars were smashed and Franzoni was called a "communist" and "dirty traitor" by members of the same "Committee for the Defense of Christian Civilization," which organizes, under another name, the traditionalists' Pentecost Marches.

It was now clear that Franzoni's activities were creating "unrest among the faithful." Then, in 1971, the religious congregation which ran one of the few liberal Catholic magazines in Italy, *Il Regno*, decided (or was forced) to dismiss its editorial staff, and the community of St. Paul's sharply protested against the suppression of the freedom of information and opinion in the church; subsequently, it was instrumental in the foundation and continued support of a new, even more critical, weekly, called *COM* (much disliked by all authorities). And the most sensitive nerve of Italian Catholicism was struck in 1972, when the community issued a document on the Concordat, calling for the complete abolition of this "instrument of power."

Less than a month later the Sacred Congregation of Religious advised the "Regimen" (elected moderating body) of the Cassinese Benedictines, to whom Franzoni belongs, that it would do well to inquire into the difficulties caused by "the well-known events in the monastery of St. Paul's." Within the next three months there were two special investigations, one by the Regimen itself, one by an Apostolic Visitor sent by the Congregation. When both failed to come up with sufficient reasons for disciplinary measures against the Abbot (but gave him nationwide publicity instead), the Congregation openly showed its frustration by dismissing the Regimen ("obviously unable to exercise its functions") and ap-

pointing in its place a special commission, chaired by a monk from outside the Benedictine Federation. However, even this body (whether hindered by legal scruples or embarrassed by the unaccustomed publicity) has not been able to carry out its main task, which was clearly to get rid of Franzoni. The latest information, not denied by either party, is that he has received a "canonical admonition."

It is possible that the step Franzoni announced on Pentecost was hastened by this state of affairs, which no doubt has meant a heavy personal burden. But it is equally clear that it is the logical outcome of his own thoughts about modern society and the place of the Church and the individual Christian in it. He explains this, more fully than in his sermon, in a pastoral letter to his monks, "The Earth Belongs to God," made public in the week after Pentecost.

What makes his decision (which others have made before him) nevertheless so original, is the particular context he has chosen: that of the Holy Year. At a moment when even the Pope cannot help doubting the use of continuing the ancient tradition, Franzoni comes up with a new concrete meaning. Original in that in his letter the biblical and theological reflections are applied to one particular city: Rome; original also in that this application is based on a careful study of the actual living conditions, for "the reconciliation of which the Pope speaks cannot be obtained without a previous judgment, in order to discern what can be reconciled and what cannot, what can be healed and what has to be burnt."

Abbot Franzoni's own search for monastic peace outside the monastery is but one possible answer to the Pope's call for reconciliation, and he expressly states that others may come to different conclusions. But in whatever direction one seeks, it will be difficult to get around his definition: "If the Pope calls us to celebrate a *real* Holy Year, it would be a mockery to pretend that we can *pay our debts to our brothers* by visiting the basilicas and mumbling Our Fathers and Hail Marys."

It is, therefore, not too difficult to imagine that Pope Paul (whose personal friendship Franzoni has never doubted) may be as pleased with the Abbot's decision as his subordinates doubtlessly are, but for entirely opposite motives. There is every reason to hope that even in his new position Giovanni Franzoni will go on enlivening the Roman ecclesiastical scene. But at the same time many feel sad about his coming resignation, for as long as he was there, as Abbot Ordinary of St. Paul's Outside the Walls, it was at least a sign that Rome is not only the city of the Benellis and the Wrights, that it does not belong entirely to the pompous, the powerful and the prudent.

HENRY TEN KORTENAAR

(Henry ten Kortenaar is Commonweal's regular correspondent in Rome.)

ON CELIBACY AND MARRIAGE

MICHAEL NOVAK

Daniel Berrigan was kind enough to refer recently to a "totally dead scene, which is Christian marriage." He did so on the occasion of the wedding of a priest and a former sister (to whom all joy and happiness). The same occasion turned my own sad thoughts to the illness of Christian celibacy.

It is good to learn from Philip and Daniel Berrigan that marriage is morally respectable again. But what shall we say, now, of celibacy?

The public secrecy sheltered by Philip Berrigan and Liz McAlister for the past three years, first of all, needs to be deplored. The truth would no doubt have been politically embarrassing. The trial at Harrisburg would have raised a quite different symbol if the media had known that husband and wife, not priest and nun, were there on trial. The letters between them would have had different significance. Celibacy is, above all, a *sign*. To use it publicly and not to mean it is, regrettably, less than the truth.

Secondly, the explanation of celibacy provided by Philip Berrigan at their wedding (their *third* wedding, it appears) is as limp as wilted lettuce. "Unless celibacy is optional," he says, "and constantly renewed for personal and public reasons, it becomes useless. The spirit of freedom is destroyed." The same is true of marriage. And in what Philip calls "the great tradition" of celibacy, no teacher taught otherwise.

One major justification for a *law* concerning celibacy, however, and for the *institution* of celibacy, is the fickleness of the human heart. Freedom needs law for its protection. "The consciousness of people evolves as to their conscience," Philip says. Exactly.

In Philip's case, I side with Paul: "Better to marry." He—and Liz—have shown a certain courage and

mutual responsibility. Their abandonment of celibacy saddens me; but their freedom, under God, is theirs.

Otherwise, I side with Rosemary Ruether in her protest against a different sort of behavior. A new breed of restless priests roams about seeking women to devour. It is revolting to see so many persons committed publicly to a symbol of transcendence, and in the name of "genuine relationships," and "honesty," and "self-fulfillment," making that symbol a public lie—that symbol, above all. Meanwhile, they know so well how to protect themselves.

Some months ago, a friend of mine was late for lunch. He had just spent three hours, he told me, counseling "another victim" about whether she should have an abortion, since the priest she had slept with (three times) had talked it over with her maturely, and together they decided that they probably would not have a lifetime of fulfillment ahead of them, and . . .

What do they think women are? What do they think sexuality is?

For a century, major Catholic figures have labored to open Catholic life to the modern world. They did not endure so many labors in order to abandon Catholic life and to embrace the world in its most confused and self-destructive values.

Celibacy is a crucial, basic symbol of Catholic life. It does not flow from common sense; its purpose is not pragmatic; the reasons for it do not depend on the so-called "dualism of the Greeks" nor (*pace* its many misogynists) on "sexism." Compared to sophisticated New Yorkers, the ancient Greeks seem to have been a healthy lot. And compared to *Playboy* or Norman Mailer on womanhood, a healthy chastity has much to commend it.

Celibacy is a symbol of divine authority, a peaceful "no" to the ordi-

nary flow of human life, a symbol intended to evoke wonderment, awe, and mystery. In a world bereft of ceremony, where promises and loyalty and lifetime fidelity diminish even as the word "commitment" spreads like fungus on the tongue, celibacy is a sacramental presence.

Naturally, like all manifestations of the sacred, celibacy induces fear. It can indeed distort the personality. The untypicality and unreality of the celibate life may block the celibate from what is common sense to ordinary people, tied down in humble entanglements. That is one of the dangers of celibacy, but also one of its fruits. (The political judgment of celibates, if we may reverse the Berrigans' claim of a few years ago, tends not to reflect the checks and textures of reality, soars off into romanticism. On the other hand, its detachment gives it, at times, prophetic bite.)

Whether humans choose celibacy or not, life itself imposes it on millions. The modern notion that sexual exercise is at the heart of human fulfillment, or even at the heart of human love, is patently false: consider those who live accordingly.

Millions of adults have no sexual partner. Many are among the most highly developed persons we encounter. A woman does not need a man to make her "complete"; a man does not need a woman. Many women with men, or men with women, are not so obviously "complete."

It is true that love between man and woman—sexual love—is a high and lovely token of the honesty, truth, community to which the human heart aspires. It instructs them well in imperfection and illusion. It is also just plain fun.

Thus marriage provides for Catholic life a symbol of the Incarnation. (Who that is sensible would seek the

(Continued on page 415)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

WES BARTHELMES

The Nixon crowd has made the unthinkable thinkable

Richard Nixon, in effect, has taken "the Fifth." His communiqués to the American people about his Administration's subversion of the 1972 Presidential elections—the "Watergate Scandal"—are inadequate. "My own information on these matters is fragmentary," President Nixon said recently, "and to some extent contradictory. Additional information may be forthcoming of which I am unaware."

One remembers the scoldings that Mr. Nixon, as a Congressman 25 years ago, gave reticent witnesses—"Fifth Amendment Communists"—who appeared before any committee investigating subversive activities. Indeed, one wonders whether, in classical irony, a "Whittaker Chambers" will emerge during the exposure of the Watergate Scandal. Mr. Nixon's quondam apparatchiks, Messrs. Haldeman and Erlichman, appear to be improbable candidates for such a role. John Dean, forced to resign as Presidential counsel, has spoken his piece before the Ervin committee in the Senate that is investigating Watergate. But the most suitable, perhaps the most knowledgeable, is the aged councillor, John Mitchell, the President's Attorney General until his precipitous resignation a year ago when the scandal was first revealed. Mitchell's wife, Martha, is unlikely to suffer loyally in silence in this winter of her discontent—even if her husband, now under indictment for campaign financing corner-cutting, were willing to take medicine properly to be swallowed by another. Mitchell probably knows, so to speak, where Captain Kidd hid it.

Consequently, the problem is perceived by many as one *not* of getting to the bottom of the nefarious affair—

but of getting to the top, an objective made more formidable than needs be because of an infrequent resort to truth-telling by Nixon advisors.

The more imaginative of the President's critics are now recalling newspaper stories, denied by Mitchell at the time, that the Nixon Administration had hired the Rand Corporation to study a possibility of canceling the 1972 Presidential elections (viz., page 15, *The New York Times*, July 30, 1970).

One is obliged to point out that, based on proofs advanced to date, President Nixon is not directly connected with planning and execution of the Watergate Scandal—a portmanteau title covering diverse sinister schemes against the Republic's electoral system, such as burglaries, perjury, wire-tapping, big lies, little ones, gutter-tactics and scads of corrupting money. Prior to Dean's speaking his piece before the Ervin committee, an argument frequently heard on this government plantation was to the effect that President Nixon should be declared innocent aforehand—not because of any benevolent feelings toward him, but because of the momentous impact any proved involvement by him would have on Americans and their institutions of government. But since the Dean allegations, a harsher argument is being heard hereabouts: if President Nixon were involved in political espionage, then he bears a prime responsibility and, if he did not know what his entourage was doing, then he is irresponsible. Perhaps, the vassals did corrupt the king-ship. But, in any event, more Americans no longer regard Presidents as royalty—the Chief Magistrate of the Land "is not the King, but the prime-minister," as Gouverneur Morris said at the founding Constitutional Convention.

It is clear, too, that the severest public critics of the

WES BARTHELMES, a frequent contributor, is a Washington-based writer.

President are members of his own party. As for Democrats in Congress, it is as if they had taken a blood-oath in party caucus to point no fingers, express no self-righteousness and to keep the lid on their publicity machines. This takes great discipline, because Congressional Democrats don't lack for opportunists among their numbers.

Critical Republicans are acting under color of *sauf-qui-peut*. The offenders in the Nixon Administration, according to this self-exculpatory argumentation, are not politicians. Politicians would never have engaged in such trespasses, at least not those who make a living running for elective office. They might take an occasional shady dollar or two, or buy a vote, or disperse major favors to their chief fund contributors. But beyond these actions, however reprehensible, they would not proceed. The Watergate Scandal, it is asserted, arose because Mr. Nixon selected as his aides non-political adventurers—advertising men and merchandisers who put loyalty to political brands above safety to the voting public—as in the case of Madison Avenue's pro-Nixon "November Group." The errant boys of the Watergate affair single-mindedly insisted on whole loaves of power and dominance, unlike the greed-for-money that generated Teapot Dome, Credit Mobilier, the Whisky Ring and Bobby Baker. So stands this explanation.

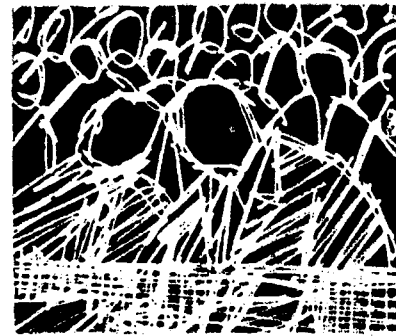
Or, employing a sports metaphor, as one Senator has, there are rules for football. There are officials to enforce these rules: But players consciously—and sometimes with encouragement, even instructions, from their coaches—try to break the rules without being detected. Defensive linemen edge off-sides; offensive linemen illegally use their hands against defensive players, also in hopes of getting an "edge" without getting caught. But neither players nor coaches are "outlaws." They may cut corners, but they don't loosen lugs on the wheels of the opposing team's bus before it leaves for the stadium for the game. The Watergate plotters were political outlaws in comparable ways, however.

One hears occasional cheery statements to the effect that, once again, the American political system has shown it can disgorge massive wrongdoing—in short, that "murder-will-out." But one may justifiably make an opposing argument: the Nixon crowd has done the unthinkable, and, having been done once, it makes the unthinkable thinkable for political operators in succeeding Presidencies, be these Democratic or Republican. After all, the "system" did not flush out its poisons. The *Washington Post* reporters, Bernstein and Woodward, followed their noses, while most other members of the Washington press corps let themselves be mesmerized by Alsopian stories, or stood on the sidelines along with the rest of the reading public. The august *Times* of London has been critical of those segments of the American press which did "break the story." The avowedly keen sense of history, said to be held by the English learned classes, should by now

have recalled the dubious Zinoviev letter, by which a Soviet party chief, Zinoviev, purportedly urged British Communists to prepare for revolution. The *Times* of London published the letter during election-time and, thereby, gave credence to this probable forgery which helped the Conservative Party under Stanley Baldwin trounce its Liberal and Labor party opposition in the 1924 elections.

Yes, American pressmen themselves have behaved inadequately. Hopefully, the frozen formats of coverage may be altered as a result of the Woodward-Bernstein revelations. Perhaps, editors will exile the puff-piece syndicated columnists and the Presidential bootlickers and camp-followers whose articles they print. Writings of the "pretty-poisons" are not an off-set; in a perverse way, their writings sanctify the VIPs. Too many pressmen here behave more like lawyers collecting clients than reporters protecting the commonweal. What Learned Hand called the "consecrated platitude" should be given intensive analysis by reporters, regardless of whom they romp with after working hours.

Their efforts would be helpful, because Watergate confronts us with problems we thought we in America were



exempted from—military adventurism, domestic fanatichisms and sinister government operations against its citizens. These occurrences are even more disastrous in this country, because they undercut the unique political character of our founding. If France reverted to monarchy tomorrow, it would not basically alter the non-political foundations peculiarly French (and, in so doing, leave undisturbed the national electronic eavesdropping center which has been operating since the Gestapo established it during the Nazi occupation). The same applies to China. But not in respect to the United States. The one thing that binds us together is our assumedly common commitment to a larger degree of freedom by political means. Even our Revolution was one of a few that did not generate a larger tyranny. In essence, therefore, the Constitution and our other basic political documents are secular Holy Writ—or were.

This is why our elected public officials, particularly those in the federal government, should be held to a high obligation, higher than elsewhere. It is why in this

nation actions that are politically wrong are also morally wrong.

Dismayingly, the political cesspool that is the Watergate Scandal suggests that perhaps it is not a case of one apple, or three, being rotten. Perhaps, most of the apples are rotten—or, even the barrel, itself. The federal government is coming into disrepute. Watergate-type happenings when discovered in the past were associated with local and state governmental levels. Until now, the national reaches have been only episodically contaminated.

Americans may be fooled, but they are not fools, the *Times* of London to the contrary. They know the difference—even if under prodding—between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse.

Impact on Elections

For better or worse, it may be that Americans will now tend to view government as guilty unless proved innocent.

The impact of such an attitude on the 1974 Congressional elections is not clear. Watergate is not necessarily a Democratic windfall; it may mostly hurt incumbents, regardless of party. It is probable that the voters will not take a predictable course of replacing “bad guys” with “good guys.” Republicans held the Presidency for eight years after revelations of the Teapot Dome scandals in 1924. The Republicans did not lose control of the Senate, and lost control of the House only briefly.

Viewing America through the prism of the Watergate suggests shifts in attitudes. One consequence of the Watergate is that Americans are understanding that no political party, and few elected office-holders, can avow unfamiliarity, if not personal involvement, with illegal campaign practices along the lines of those being exposed by the *Post* and the Ervin investigation. Conceivably, the need for a political prophylactic may generate, as it does occasionally, a viable third party.

A second major consequence of Watergate is that the Presidency is getting its come-uppance, as many in Congress have advocated. One such, Senator Church of Idaho, has been pursuing his precisely documented opposition to Presidential fiat for many years in speeches under the general heading, “Of Presidents and Caesars.” In early June, Church suggested to the World Affairs Council of Wilmington, Delaware: “It cannot, of course, be proven, but I sense that Watergate could not have happened but for the moral and political perversion generated by Vietnam.”

The Congress has intensified its efforts to choke off the Presidential war in Southeast Asia. Anti-war sentiment in the Senate clearly dominates. Only 15 Senators opposed one effort in June to cut off funds for bombing in Cambodia. In the House, where there is an ingrained habit of waving Old Glory whenever American military muskets are fired, there is finally emerging a majority against

continuation of the war in Cambodia and Laos. In late June, however, this new House majority lacked the two-thirds strength necessary to override a Presidential veto of one bill to cut off bombing funds. Despite the veto, renewed Congressional efforts were undertaken to cut off funds. Experienced doves and disenchanted hawks suggest that the House will ultimately match the Senate in terms of opposition to our military involvement in Indochina.

Furthermore, the fundamental issue of impoundment may be resolved in the favor of the Congress because of the Watergate. Democratic and Republican Presidents have refused in recent times to spend billions of dollars in Congressionally appropriated funds.

Finally, voters may give closer inspection to those offering themselves as Presidential candidates. This poses a problem for perennial candidates. Those with uneasy “histories” may be turned aside in preference for newer politicians pressing forward.

Nixon and the Future

And there is the matter of consequences for the President. What does lie ahead for Richard Nixon himself?

Opinion polls show a sharp decline in declarations of trust in him, as a result of the information gushing from the hearings being held by the committee headed by Senator Ervin of North Carolina. Ervin, as chairman, has been as fastidiously protective of aspects of the Constitution as Emily Post was in giving advice to the aspiring couple who invite the boss to dinner. He and his colleagues on the investigating committee are making a firm impression, while Archibald Cox, recalled from Harvard University to be Special Prosecutor in the Justice Department for the Watergate affair, may be the Newbold Morris of his time. Twenty years ago, Morris was summoned from New York City to “clean-up” the Justice Department. He got frustrated; his superiors got nervous. Two months later, he was fired—pushed before he jumped.

Mr. Nixon, even without Watergate, has been disappointing his supporters among the respectable political right because of his initiatives toward achieving closer relationships with China and the Soviet Union. The week-long roll-in-the-hay with Comrade Brezhnev in late June isn't sitting well with them. The Watergate Scandal further disenchant the political right. Its members tend to be individually less corruptible, while liberal politicians appear not so inclined. Within such states as Massachusetts, politicians have made successful careers being both liberal and corrupt.

His moderate supporters, however, find a reassuring voice in that of Melvin Laird, his newest staff member. Laird suggests letting bygones be bygones—a form of instantaneous statute-of-limitations.

Senior House members, mostly Democrats, have dis-

cussed the feasibility of going to the President and informing him that sanctions will be withheld if he regularly consults and takes his major legislative clues from Congressional leaders. This sounds superficially reasonable. But such a Congressional junta would be as potentially harmful as is the practiced savaging of Congress by Presidents of both political parties for the last 40 years.

Some ADA-types in the Congress are suggesting a resolution of censure. The Senate once did censure a President. In 1834, the Senate narrowly approved, by a vote of 26 to 20, Henry Clay's resolution of censure of President Jackson for unilaterally withdrawing government deposits from the largely privately owned National Bank of the United States and placing them instead, in so-called "pet" banks. The votes, however, are not now available for censure.

Other members of Congress, among them Senator Fulbright and Representative Reuss, are suggesting that both the President and Vice President resign. This procedure could be viewed more sanguinely if there were some basis for assurance that some members of Congress would not treat the filling of the resulting vacancies as if they were dealing with a public-works project. Resignation has an appeal to critics in Congress who believe something should be done. Resignation is an act someone else would do, while the 535 members of Congress would keep their seats.

The ultimate solution, of course, is said to be impeachment. Debates in the Constitutional Convention about adoption of an impeachment clause lasted from June 1 to mid-September. Some delegates argued against it. In rebuttal, Franklin argued that without the power of removal, the only alternative would be assassination. Randolph agreed with Franklin: "Guilt, wherever found, ought to be punished. The Executive will have great opportunities of abusing his power; particularly in time of war, when the military force, and in some respects the public money, will be in his hands."

Members of the House, where any resolution of impeachment would have to be brought, are squeamish about the subject. Few envision themselves as willing to be included in any second-edition of "Profiles in Courage." And, senior House Democrats suggest any action on the issue should come from their Republican colleagues. Nominally, the House is divided 243 Democrats to 192 Republicans. But the Watergate is not a party issue. Most House members are reluctant to the point of sullenness to discuss publicly the issue of impeachment, a legislative form of grand-jury indictment.

An exception is Representative McCloskey of California, a Republican. In June, he led a small war-party into the House Chamber to discuss the relationship of President Nixon's involvement, if any, to Section 4 of Article II of the Constitution which identifies the grounds for impeachment—"treason, bribery or other high crimes

and misdemeanors." There ensued efforts to silence the McCloskey discussions, as if his effort was "bad-form"—like the bride disrobing during the wedding. McCloskey suggested there was "probable cause" for discussing a resolution of impeachment, such as the existence of the White House special unit, "the plumbers," who broke into the office of a psychiatrist treating Daniel Ellsberg.

But, unless direct provable ties are made between actual planning of the electoral subversion and Mr. Nixon, Democrats are inclined to a "political solution." Leave him in the Presidency, they argue. There, he will exist more alienated than ever, more strongly barricaded than ever from the other parts of the government—a *cordon sanitaire* until the advent of the 1976 Presidential campaign.

Some of these Democrats are discussing whether they should offer a Constitutional amendment to broaden the grounds for impeachment along the lines suggested by Hamilton at the Constitutional Convention—"maladministration, malpractice and corrupt conduct."

In late June, while Dean dryly recited his allegations against the President, there was still another line of thought not unrelated to those who are inclined to let Mr. Nixon sit in the White House for the remaining three years of his second term. They suggest that discussions about whether to court-martial the President are diversionary. They do not deprecate the damage done by the Watergate operators, but they believe the most resourceful and constructive undertaking would be to put effective restraints upon the Presidency—to inhibit the depredations of his departments and agencies. In sum, to restrain, in Roscoe Pound's phrase, the rise of "executive hegemony" or risk the withering away of representative government.

In the course of this undertaking, these critics argue, the miasma of bipartisanship in foreign policy will be dispelled and, with it, the breaking-up of the "Old School Tie" chaps from New York foundations and banking houses and Cambridge campuses who equally served Democratic and Republican interventionist Administrations.

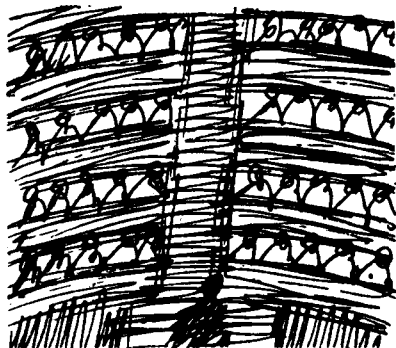
The FBI and CIA

Another useful expedition, they state, would be to firmly return the FBI and CIA to their originally designated orbits. The FBI, according to material supplied by Dean to the Ervin committee, has been employed for domestic political purposes on at least two occasions—against Spiro Agnew under orders of President Johnson and by order of its own director, J. Edgar Hoover, against President Truman in his election campaign against Thomas Dewey in 1948. More recently, it has been authenticated, L. Patrick Gray, when acting FBI director, accepted, without reading, materials handed

him by Presidential advisers that related to the Watergate Scandal—and had these destroyed.

There is talk among members of the Judiciary committees of the Congress that not only do the FBI's operations need review but also those of its nominal parent, the Justice Department—perhaps with a view to making the Department independent of the Executive Branch (i.e., Presidents).

As for the CIA, its deputy director, Lieutenant General Walters, has given ample signs that this agency had let itself be drawn into the Watergate Scandal when its responsible officials met with Haldeman and Ehrlichman. At that time, the CIA was asked to halt an FBI



inquiry into a Watergate defendant's bank account. The account held money that had been "laundered" by being siphoned from this country into Mexico and returned under an alias for use by the Nixon re-election committee. The Senate Armed Services Committee's effective legislative oversight of the CIA has been suspended deliberately for many, many years. Responsible members of the Committee now believe the supervisory functions should be activated and the CIA obliged to explain itself periodically and in detail.

Perhaps the most important step for the Congress would be for it to regain its Constitutionally assigned role in the appropriation and budgetary process. By a combination of consent, neglect and inadvertence, the Congress has permitted Presidents to control the cash register. The Indochina war has exposed ways in which Presidents and their men have maimed, deceived and ignored the Congress. An obscure "feed-and-forage" statute, first enacted to facilitate military actions on the western lands during the 19th Century when communications and transportation were primitive, now is used by the Defense Department in order to spend billions of dollars without prior Congressional authorization or appropriation. Defense spends and then sends the Congress the bill. Several years ago, the Congress did enact a law to require reporting of such actions, but no effective restraints yet exist.

No responsible member of Congress disputes the need for discretionary authority by the Executive Branch in the course of spending Congressionally appropriated budget funds. However, there is strong evidence that

discretionary actions are being taken to frustrate Congressional policies as reflected in the annual federal budget of more than \$200 billion. Congress should halt abuses in respect to such budgetary actions as transfers of funds and reprogramming of funds. Relatedly, Presidential impoundment—non-use—of Congressionally appropriated funds needs to be severely curtailed if Congress is to reassume its effective control over Presidential discretion in spending appropriated monies. The Nixon Administration concedes it has impounded approximately \$9 billion, while independent estimates suggest the total is several billion dollars higher.

And, finally, an indispensable reform is that of campaign-financing. The existing system now enmeshes Democrats and Republicans, conservatives and liberals, bosses and reformers in a web of small and large tightly woven conflicts-of-interest. The Watergate exposed much of the sordid business. Two years ago, the Congress enacted the first substantial reform in federal campaign-financing statutes in nearly 50 years. But, private money still fuels political campaigns. And in politics, private money is funny money. Consequently, an increasing number of members of Congress, many newly arrived in Washington, sustain the position, long held by outside reformers, that public financing—public money—is desirable. Senator Hart of Michigan, for one, has introduced a bill designed to establish public-financing of primary and general election campaigns for Congress.

These major proposals, and marginal ones such as institution of "question-periods" in the Congress at which members of the Executive Branch would regularly appear, are directed at a problem posed by George Reedy, President Johnson's first Press Secretary—"the most important, and least examined, problem of the Presidency is that of maintaining contact with reality."

The Watergate Scandal has been one of those historic events that illuminate more than the actual happening itself—lighting up backstage, and the stagehands, as well as the performing diva at center-stage. Watergate has recalled Trevelyan's description of British political life during the times of Walpole and the Pitts, senior and junior—abuses of corporate charters, stock-jobbing and abuse of ecclesiastic, academic, charitable and scholastic endowments that enmeshed even the Prince of Wales and the King's German mistresses.

If accountability can be installed in the Presidency, then the question of Mr. Nixon's survival as President becomes less important. President Nixon may keep his throne-seat, but he will have lost his shirt.

If we can remedy those excesses and failings of Presidential government, we might then generously permit Mr. Nixon to be recognized as a President who did more damage than he intended.

If we fail, Yeats' dire prediction confronts us:

"In every generation, there is a slouched beast waiting to be born."

NIXON'S SECRET STORM

MEDIA

The Nixon Administration has long shown a fear of the media, a fear which has finally proved well-founded. Testimony from the Senate Watergate Hearings has been providing daily evidence, if any was needed, that this crowd considered words, written or spoken, as no more than ammunition in a giant public relations war. Their own paragraphs have always been laundered into precisely impenetrable legalese or bald advertising slogans, and they presumed the paragraphs of the enemy were similarly designed, to express or, more likely, to mask sinister assaults against them. After years of trying to win this war by more foul means than fair—by discrediting networks and newspapers, by stacking the federal regulatory agencies, even by jailing reporters—members of the Administration must now have a sinking feeling that the big offensive has collapsed and that, as in a nightmare, all the dread media guns are now turning inexorably against them and firing almost at will.

There has been a particular irony in the struggle over control of the Public Broadcasting Service which raged over the past few months. Why did the Nixonites work so hard trying to emasculate what used to be called "educational" television? The maneuvers of Clay Whitehead and his Office for Telecommunications Policy in this area were viewed by many as pernicious but somewhat peculiar in their persistence and energy. Granted that it was annoying for them to hear unfriendly remarks sponsored partly by government money; still, how much harm can Bill Moyers and Elizabeth Drew do, after all? In any case, Public Broadcasting was close to folding under the pressure: a coup had been staged at the top (the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, the funding agency which has traditionally had little to do with programming, was suddenly full of Nixon appointees who were determined to control what went over the air). As Watergate broke, however, the Corporation leadership shifted back to a more moderate faction, and now the Public Broadcasting Service continues on more or less the same sprightly course as before. With one difference: the feared Bill Moyers, Elizabeth Drew and the rest have temporarily given way so that PBS in most cities can run continuous showings of the Watergate Hearings which, day after day, starting right after Sesame Street and continuing until after midnight, demonstrate the emptiness and ugliness of this very Administration and the possibility of its imminent decapitation. While the commercial networks have turned away somewhat from this spectacle, solicitous for the silent majority's need for soap operas and game shows, PBS rolls on with

every moment of every session, twice a day, along with spicy commentary during the breaks. Not even Clay Whitehead thought it would be this bad.

The live broadcast of the hearings must be especially upsetting to Administration figures because of their apparent view that every statement, speech and interview in life should fit into some pre-established PR plan. Live television is a menace to this frame of mind, because it is so unmanageable. This is the very quality which makes the high points of television—Super Bowls, moon walks, public funerals and the like—so fascinating to the average viewer. The present Hearings, for example, are in some ways quite boring, taken as a whole. They would need heavy editing, interpreting and packaging if they were to be published in a book or molded into a film for movie houses. But it's a natural on TV.

One reason obviously is that there is an enormous *potential* for drama here, because it is live and because of what is at stake; the viewer has the nagging feeling that no matter how tedious a session may be, something explosive will certainly happen as soon as he turns off his TV set. There is also fascination in the fact that the cast of characters is relatively limited and there has been a comfortably long time to get to know them. (The *New York Times* has been running a box each day listing the participants and their various connections, like the chart at the front of a Russian novel.) But the characters in this story are not revealed by the large gestures of fiction but rather by the small, casual, half-stated gestures of life. Senator Baker and Minority Counsel Thompson appear to be puffing on identical but unusual pipes; Senator Weicker, way off at one end of the table, and Senator Montoya, way off at the other, seem to have trouble getting into the picture, literally and figuratively; the Chairman's dancing eyebrows, having been scrutinized over four weeks for the significance of their movement, remain inscrutable. We get all our information, about both people and issues, in this inferential, roundabout manner, which is pure television. We can watch, eat, read the newspaper, talk on the phone and even walk in and out of the room, and we are still picking up the flow of the broadcast, feeling the ennui of this or that moment, the near-drama here, the joke there, etc. Excerpted highlights on the Late News strike the avid viewer as weird distortions, blunt little shards cracked out of context.

If there has been any serious problem so far with the Hearings as a media event, it has been the appearance of John Dean. At first glance he seemed to be the perfect television personality: cool, relaxed, circumscribed, small-scaled. But he took it too far. The viewer is used to dealing with small gestures on TV, with the gradual unfolding of a person's human qualities through the accumulation of small details—a way of smiling, the shifts in vocal patterns, the mannerisms and small quirks. But Mr. Dean's quirks were just short of invisible and, what-

ever one felt about the truth of his story, he seemed somehow less and less human as time went on. Not only was his testimony extraordinarily consistent from day to day, but the personality of the man was also so unvarying as to nearly fade from view. The voice had no inflection, the face was blank; nothing was betrayed. I have the impression that he seldom even shifted his position in the chair. Occasionally he would offer an abrupt, cackling laugh in response to one of Senator Ervin's sallies, which had a startling, even an embarrassing effect, as if he had been guilty of some rude noise. These were rare lapses, however and were quickly covered over. In general, television, which is uniquely able to locate the unpolished humanity of what it is focused on, could not really locate Mr. Dean.

But the show goes on. Many intriguing characters wait in the wings; many heretofore hidden personalities (including "Herdleman and Erdleman" in *New York Magazine's* memorable phrase) will confront the Committee and the camera. If the truth of this situation is ultimately known, it is likely to be because the camera, like the media in general, is fundamentally impersonal, unmanageable and relentless, and in the long run can hardly avoid telling the truth.

MICHAEL MURRAY

(This is the first appearance of what will be a regular column.)

LAUGHING IT UP



THE SCREEN

It's a real dilemma. Should a critic stick to reviewing commercial films that he often considers schlock, but that are probably the only ones his readers will have a chance to see? Or should he feel free to bend the reader's ear about some other films he happened to see, and like, but which will probably never be of more than academic interest to his readers? The economics of distribution being what it is, the only national cinema that Americans get a chance to see is American. But sometimes a critic—or any abnormally addicted moviegoer willing to search out special features—can get a glimpse of another country's cinema. Cuba, for instance.

Until Renata Adler's *New York Times* reports several years ago, most of us didn't know Cuba had a cinema. Americans certainly hadn't had a chance to see Cuban films for themselves. To rectify this, Mark Meyerson, a documentary filmmaker, tried to import a whole festival of Cuban films year before last. But first some members of the Cuban expatriate community wrecked the theater on opening night, and then the State Department had all the films seized for illegal entry into the United States. Only now are one or two Cuban films beginning to reappear in limited circulation.

To be honest, though, however much I may like some new foreign films I see, I find such films hard to review. Unlike all those schlock films, a new foreign film has no context for me. I usually have little sense of the conventions from which it has come or the audience for which it was intended. The one Cuban film I have seen, Tomas Gutierrez Alea's *Memories of Underdevelopment*, is a prime example. After seeing it, what I found myself wondering most was how the Cubans themselves must have reacted to it. Since history tells me that most revolutionaries are straight-laced and literal-minded, it seemed surprising that this film, which was made in 1968, is not only ironical, but ribald. Nor can it be said, despite its forbiddingly dry title, that the film suffers from the humorlessness typical of revolutionary art.

Set around the time of the missile crisis, *Memories of Underdevelopment* concerns a member of the upper-middle classes, Sergio, who has decided to stay in Cuba after his wife and parents leave. Since the state has expropriated his business, leaving him lots of free time, he now devotes himself to chasing women in memory, fantasy and fact. The surprise here is that Alea and Edmundo Desnoes, from whose novel the film has been adapted, are far from unsympathetic to Sergio. Sergio is given to delivering internal monologues on the fallacies of Cuba, her women and his own *gusano* friends; and those monologues have too much wit in them to discredit Sergio in our eyes. If Alea had wanted to vilify Sergio, he wouldn't have allowed him to be so eloquent.

Indeed, the monologues sometimes seem to be setting the tone not just for Sergio's personality, but for the film as a whole. At these moments Sergio's ruminations dominate Alea's montage. When Sergio thinks back to the trials of the Batista loyalists captured at the Bay of Pigs, for instance, Alea intercuts testimony given by torture victims of Batista's police with newsreels of debutante balls held during the Batista regime. The sarcasm of Alea's editing here is dictated by Sergio's sense of humor, and it is not solely during such opportunities to make propaganda that Alea permits this coincidence.

But perhaps the real evidence of Alea's bourgeois tendencies, even more than in his sympathy for Sergio, lies in the aesthetics of his film. With Sergio's collaboration, Alea observes Cuban society the way Proust observed the French, with an acerbic passivity, and the film's tech-

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* is again appearing on alternate weeks during the summer months. Forthcoming issues will be dated August 10, August 24, September 7 and September 21. From then on we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

The Dollar

. . . While capitalist governments are compelled to perform well in the employment field, the tools at their disposal are limited—and growing more so. Private investment can be stimulated by tax cuts, investment credits, and accelerated depreciation allowances, but at bottom the decisions here rest in private hands, not in those of the policymakers. Government spending can also be stepped up or down to counterbalance under- or over-employment, but there are obvious political restraints on flexibility in fiscal policy. Such government spending is diminishing in reliability as a counter-cyclical weapon, according to EEC economist Michel Albert, who has found that as inflation becomes institutionalized and chronic in free market economies, government budgets undergo greater relative cutbacks as politicians look for the easiest methods for combating inflation.

Increasingly, then, in capitalist societies, featured by expanding corporate control over private investment, endemic inflation, and less public tolerance of unemployment, the only unfettered means available to governments to increase national income and employment is exports. There are, in other words, powerful incentives for each country to sell more than it buys in foreign trade, and by widening margins, as its integrative state apparatus searches for ways to attain full employment and keep the lid on social unrest at least domestic cost. It hardly takes a genius to predict what will happen when everybody tries to sell more when no one wants to buy. But such is the rationale of market capitalism in international trade today, and its costs will become more evident in the years ahead.

—From *The Devalued Dollar*
by Richard B. Du Boff
Commonweal, March 30, 1973

Send for a Trial Subscription

----- 17 Issues for \$3 -----

For New Subscribers Only

COMMONWEAL

232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

Please send the next 17 issues to:

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

☐ I prefer a full year for \$14.

7/27/73

27 July 1973: 406

nique for remembering things past sometimes seems quite close to Proust's. Like that supreme work of bourgeois art which Proust created, Alea's film is a complex, occasionally baffling interplay of memory, fantasy and reality. The richness with which these three elements of experience relate in the film is particularly apparent at one point where Sergio is talking with a girl he has seduced. Since she wants to be an entertainer, he has promised to get her an audition before a friend at the state-run television network. As they sit in the cafe he tells her his own opinion is that doing the same thing, performance after performance, must be boring.

But even while he speaks, his imagination is running some clips from pornographic films over and over in his head. These clips usurp the screen as Sergio's thoughts so often do; and when they end, and the house lights come up again, we find Sergio sitting with his girlfriend in a screening room at the television network offices. The clips, Sergio's friend is explaining, are out-takes from films made when pornography flourished in Cuba under Batista. Thus Alea's montage suggests, Sergio's thoughts, habits of mind he acquired growing up under Batista and memories he retains from that era, are now documents to be confiscated by the state. It's hard to say which aspect of Alea's sequence—the intricate form or the pornographic content—is less characteristic of what we would expect to find in a film sponsored by a revolutionary government. Either way, however, with the pornography used as a common denominator equating Sergio's fantasies to the revolution's evidence against the old Cuba, the sequence is an exceptionally economical and artful piece of filmmaking.

As must be apparent by now, while Alea may be sympathetic to Sergio, his point of view is never exactly the same as Sergio's. *Memories of Underdevelopment* is ultimately a critique of Sergio's character, even though that critique often exists only implicitly. If Desnoes and Alea both find Sergio irrepressibly charming on some more superficial level, maybe it is because they know him all too well. The ambivalence in Sergio's attitude towards Cuba is matched in the filmmakers' attitude toward Sergio. Whose memories are at issue here—just Sergio's, or Desnoes' and Alea's as well? And whose underdevelopment? Sergio is remembering Cuba in her prerevolutionary underdevelopment, but the filmmakers are also remembering themselves at an earlier stage in the history of the revolution, when their own political consciousness was also underdeveloped. The excuse Sergio gives himself for remaining in Cuba is that the unemployment with which the revolution has provided him will give him time to write a novel. He only makes half-hearted attempts to do so, but it may be that Desnoes' own novel began as nothing more than a pretext to remain in Cuba and see what would happen.

There is a certain aura of expectation, of reluctant but encroaching commitment to the future, that hangs

over Sergio's story. During the period that we observe him, Sergio stands aside from all institutions and political points of view. He visits local places of interest—the art museum, and the Hemingway estate—as if he were a tourist in his own country. Through the telescope on his terrace he looks at all Havana with the same inconsequential voyeurism with which he looks at women. He may be something of a nihilist, though to say so seems a rather severe judgment. He isn't alienated so much as just out of it.

The film ends during the Cuban missile crisis, at a moment when there was still, as Khrushchev put it at the time, “a smell of electrical burning in the air.”

Throughout the crisis Sergio has spent a great deal of time on his terrace looking out over the battle-ready city with his telescope. When the film ends we leave him there at daybreak, after a night's watching. At last Sergio rejoins his countrymen, for all Cuba is now watching and waiting, biding its time. This is really what Sergio has been doing all along. Perhaps Sergio will even turn out to be a good revolutionary after all, for what is a revolutionary but a man acting in concert with history? We feel at this moment that some unprecedented change is about to come not only to this society, but to this dissolute, irresolute man as well.

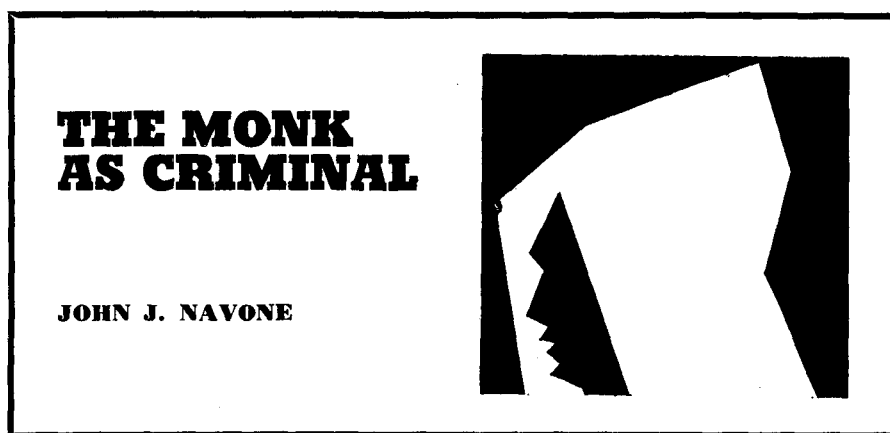
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

Peter Van Greenaway's novel, *The Judas Gospel*, is a rather tedious polemic against religion and Christianity in general and Catholicism in particular. Van Greenaway seems to be the victim of a bigotry which often stymies his attempts at a humorous treatment of his subject. The novel, nevertheless, has a remarkable sociological interest through its revival of the Italian villain of the Elizabethan-Gothic tradition in one of its most popular forms: the criminal monk. The Dominican theologian, Giovanni della Paresi, is an Italian criminal monk in the grand eighteenth-century Gothic novel tradition. Like the other Italian churchmen of this novel, he is driven by cupidity, power, lust, and fanaticism.

Written at the end of his life by the embittered and deceived man the world has come to regard as history's arch-traitor, the gospel of Judas records the betrayal of Christ by Peter. The discovery of this new Dead Sea scroll strikes the Vatican with consternation and threatens to discredit its central document of faith. If the Church is built upon the integrity of Peter, the Rock, the foundation now seems shaky to the point of Popish catastrophe.

Four people become privy to the secret Judas Gospel; three of them attempt to blackmail the Vatican for \$10 million. Christianity seems finished.

Enter Giovanni della Paresi, avenging dark angel and criminal monk *par excellence*! Chosen to be the Vatican



secret agent-at-large, della Paresi sets out to visit the scroll's discoverer and to negotiate the rights to the new gospel. The ascetic Dominican becomes involved with the blackmailers and the fourth party privy to the document, and murders them. Returning to Rome, della Paresi expects to be rewarded for his fanatic loyalty to the Pope;

The Judas Gospel
PETER VAN GREENAWAY
Atheneum, \$6.95

instead, he is the victim of a devilish Vatican double cross. He is condemned by Church authorities to arrest and punishment.

Giovanni della Paresi has all the characteristics of the eighteenth century Gothic novel's Italian criminal monk: "Terrors, real or imaginary, wheeled and darted above his head like bats endowed with the evil of secondsight"; "... unmoving as a medieval gargoyle

high above Paris, ready to gnaw at the entrails of any creature daring to question the virginity of Notre Dame"; a man "who had intensively studied the habits of spiders in his orphanage days"; he possesses "the dark, imperious cast of countenance that could threaten and command with a single glance"; he hurries, "as though pursued by some ancient superstition tugging at his sleeve for alms." He savors the monastic severity of "a flagstoned floor, the vaguely damp odor of antiquity, the shadowed interior, a watery silence."

In vain does his victim switch on all the lights in the house to dispel "the powers of darkness" besieging him. The victim is "surrounded by one man's malevolence"; he is "paralyzed" as his Dominican "tormentor" knocks on the door with a "wee brass devil." Finally, "Terror had racked his mind from its socket" and the sight of "a dark figure seeming to hover above him" accompanied by the "oozing horror clutching

at his legs" signals the *coup de grâce* for the victim.

Giovanni della Paresi, like the Italian criminal monks of the eighteenth-century Gothic novel, is more than a mere human. He has been endowed with the qualities of "superhumanity" which traditional Christian theology generally reserved to demons. The appearance of such preternaturally malevolent monks suggests the human imagination's ongoing experience of the demonic. Possibly Peter Van Greenaway intended that his diabolical Dominican should be a contribution to contemporary demonology. His Dominican, like the demons of the extra-canonical Jewish literature, inflicts grievous harm upon human beings and behaves like the angel of darkness, Belial.

Van Greenaway's timing for the arrival of Giovanni della Paresi is perfect. The occult revival welcomes Satan's second coming in many forms, according to *Time's* cover story (June 19, 1972), and the Italian criminal monk form has traditionally met with considerable success in the course of English literary history. Nor does Van Greenaway overlook the Mafia, another form in which satanic Italians wield an almost preternaturally malevolent influence upon large segments of mankind.

For London-born Van Greenaway, the Italian criminal monk and the Italian criminal laymen (as Mafiosi) work hand in glove in the achievement of their diabolical purposes. "If the Church wasn't behind it (i.e. Mafia), how could it exist? . . . Every big corporation needs its hatchet men. These people don't care if you belong to Hell's Angels so long as you're a good little Catholic. . . . The Mafia is part of the family: the black sheep of the family. And they've nothing to fear by delegating the job" (i.e. murder). . . . Van Greenaway's linking of satanic Italian monks and mafiosi is very English.

For centuries the English and the English-speaking world have enjoyed Italian villains. Giovanni della Paresi's ancestors are the ubiquitous Italian villains of Elizabethan tragedies and Gothic novels, who brought to these works an atmosphere of terror and mys-

tery, of intrigue and crime. They are generally derived from the character of Machiavelli's prince. Often they are criminal monks; occasionally, they are even villain-heroes. They were almost entirely the product of the imagination. Few of the authors of the Elizabethan tragedies and Gothic novel had visited Italy. Their descriptions of the scene, for which they were frequently indebted to travel books and histories, were sketchy.

Van Greenaway's Dominican and Puzo's *Godfather*, like Hochhuth's *The Deputy* and Waller's *The Family*, give evidence of the lingering appeal which Italian villains enjoy in the English world: Giovanni della Paresi has a remarkable pedigree in the literature of the Anglo-Saxon world. He is among the most recent Italian villains of a large family of Italian villains populating the literature of the English-speaking world. His family tree bears investigation.

The exotic and mysterious presence of Italy was strongly felt in the Elizabethan theater, where the favorite background became the darkened Italian palace, with its wrought-iron bars preventing escape, its embroidered carpets muffling the footsteps, its hidden, suddenly yawning trap-doors, its arras-hangings concealing masked ruffians; its garlands of poisoned flowers. Italy made very good copy in Elizabethan England, where it was considered the academy of manslaughter, the sporting place of murder, the apothecary shop of all nations.

The Elizabethan dramatist who made the most of the lurid exotic appeal of Italy was John Webster. Webster, the dates of whose birth and death are lost in conjecture, was the supreme exponent of a school of 'Italianate horrors which begins with Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* and Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, and blossoms in the productions of Massinger, Marston, Tourneur, and Middleton. Webster's plays, *The White Devil* (c. 1610) and *The Duchess of Malfi* (1613), each present an Italian scene with two brothers, one a Cardinal, savagely avenging the honor of a sister. Each tragedy is nominally based upon

history. Each celebrates the bravery of a defiant woman and depicts the Machiavellian intrigues of subordinate courtiers. Webster's satirical tragedies of modern Italy uncovered a nest of villains in the spirit of his predecessors and the severest tradition of Christian morality.

John Ford's drama, *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* (c.1628), is a Senecan tragedy of horrors which employs an Italian setting as appropriate to a tale of lust and murder. English playwrights comfortably assume that the land of Machiavelli and the Pope is the home of vice and crime. Even the same Cardinal, whose robes seem symbolical of crimson murder, adorns the spectacle, as in Webster and Middleton. Italian society is pictured as fallen into depravity. The Papal Court is a nest of corruption; incest and equally dark crimes possess the more intellectual and forcible characters, ignorance and folly make the remainder contemptible. Ford's Italians are snakes in human form; his Parma rivals Webster's Malfi and Ursini or Middleton's Florence and Alicant.

Elizabethan tragedy reflects a prejudice against Italy, which is usually regarded as a cesspool of moral depravity. No subject was more thrilling to the Elizabethan than sin; and no people were more sinful than the Italians. Thomas Middleton (1580-c.1600) wrote on the supposed depravity of Italian life; Cyril Tourneur (?-1626), in his drama *The Atheist's Tragedy*, employs a setting somewhere in drug-damned Italy to evoke a general sense of iniquity.

Shakespeare's Italian plays are surprisingly free from the usual horrors and thrills. Murders and treasons do not occur in these plays. He seems to have disdained the cheap appeal of Italian criminality at a time when his English contemporaries were spellbound by the myth of Italian wickedness. Perhaps his acquaintance with Italian things enabled him to take a more sober view of Italian society than the current one circulated by religious fanatics and cherished by the thriller-seeking crowd. He never descends, with Webster, Middleton, Ford, or Tourneur, to depict an

Italian court as a scene of unmitigated vice. His *Othello* has none of the anti-Italian venom affected by so many Elizabethan playwrights. The Machiavellian monster does not haunt the imagination of Shakespeare as it beset the mind of Marlowe.

To most Elizabethan authors and playwrights Machiavelli appeared as the devil incarnate, the Italian villain without rival. The pseudo-Machiavellian villain, which presented truly neither Machiavelli's individual precepts nor the balance of his thought as a whole, became a stock character in Elizabethan and Jacobean drama. Perversions of his thought implied a more bitterly cynical individualism than he had ever implied. Machiavelli's books were considered the grammar of a diabolical creed, of materialism tinged with satanism. His motive for writing *The Prince* was missed: the vision of a liberated Italy, redeemed by the one thing that could unite it, the dominance of a just, firm, efficient leader. Unlike Italy, England was not a country occupied by foreigners, given over to civil conflict for which there seemed no remedy in the ordinary sense of political events.

The first Italian villain in the grand tradition of the eighteenth-century Gothic novel appears in Horace Walpole's novel, *The Castle of Otranto* (1764). He appears in the writings of at least seven noteworthy eighteenth-century authors. After Walpole's Manfred, there are Radcliffe's Schedoni and Montoni, Lewis' Coelestino and Flodoardo, Mary Shelley's Castruccio, Maturin's Schemoli and Morosini, Landor's Fra Rupert, and Moore's Zeluco.

The criminal monk type was the most popular: Schedoni, Coelestino, Morosini, Fra Rupert, Zeluco and the pseudo-monk, Schemoli. The tyrant type was also popular: Manfred, Montoni and Castruccio. The noble outlaw type, Flodoardo, is a predecessor of the Byronic hero. At times the Italian villain is a fusion of Milton's Satan, a rebel in the grand manner, and the sublime criminal, involved in dramatic family affairs.

The Italian Gothic villain was always an aristocrat by birth, partly for the sense of power which his nobility con-

fers, and partly for the air of the fallen angel, the air of Satanic greatness perverted. He is always striking, and often handsome. Mystery shrouds his origins, appearance and entire personality. He has mastered the art of controlling others through force and fear. His machinations unleash torrents of evil. His motives are varied. Manfred seeks to restore his family honor. Montoni and Schedoni are motivated by cupidity. Zeluco is driven by plain and simple bodily lust.

Italian Gothic villains thrilled largely feminine audiences through the agonized sensibilities of persecuted young heroines. Manfred, Montoni and Schedoni delight in persecuting women.

Mrs. Ann Radcliffe (1764-1823), perhaps more than any other English author of her time, populated the world of the Gothic novel with mysterious Italian villains. The little figures of Italian banditti, which formed decorative details in the landscapes of the Salvatore Rosa school then in fashion, came to life in the writings of Mrs. Radcliffe, "the Shakespeare of romance writers," and took on gigantic and Satanic proportions, becowed and sinister as Goya's boogies. With *A Sicilian Romance* (1790), she had made a little public stir; with *Mysteries of Udolpho* (1792), she had become sensationally successful. However, her Italian villain masterpiece is the character of the criminal monk Schedoni in *The Italian, or the Confessional of the Black Penitents* (1797.)

Schedoni, according to Mario Praz in *The Romantic Agony*, "is that source of evil actions in which the British public is forced to believe by its innate Manicheism." He recalls the Italian Machiavellian monster so popular in the Elizabethan period, as well as the Machiavellians and Jesuits who had been among the abiding features of the English theater of the seventeenth century. He appears when the Enlightenment had pointed to the Catholic monk as an infamy which must be extirpated, and when the recent campaign of European states against the Jesuit Order heightened the sinister image of the priest among English Protestants.

Catholicism and Italy went together for Mrs. Radcliffe and her readers, and she played up gaudiness and mystery wherever she could. Awe before the half-hidden and unusual, both always somewhat frightening, expands from the scenes in the convents to the dungeons of the Inquisition. There, pure terror becomes the final state in the exploration of varieties of response to whatever is not English, open, clear, and Protestant. Curiously, Mrs. Radcliffe dates *The Italian* at 1758, but describes the Inquisition as it had not been in Italy for over a century before that. But as the climax of all the qualities in Italy that she wanted to bring out, the Inquisition had to be there, whether historically accurate or not, and of course in Rome, the center of much-hated Catholicism.

Schedoni and the other Italian villains symbolize the human experience of those malign, superior forces, shrouded in mystery, which evoke terror in their attempts to manipulate the lives of others with all the skill and subtlety incarnate in the fine Italian hand. They engender an awareness of a diabolical influence, which in its impact upon men manifests itself in a wide range of evil effects, extending to the deprivation of human freedom. There is something of Milton's Satan in Father Schedoni, whose "whole air and attitudes exhibited the wild energy of something not of this earth." It is that air of "superhumanity" which Van Greenaway's demonic Dominican exudes.

Mrs. Radcliffe's Italian villains wield demonic powers and cause the innocent to suffer for a while. They move in the demonic underworld of caverns and dungeons in which so much of the evil occurs. They move in a world which has roots in the mythic, subconscious strata of our lives, the level we now call archetypal. It is the experience of this world which, according to Karl Rahner, is the theological starting-point of demonology. It is an experience which the Judeo-Christian revelation illuminates. (Taken as a whole, the biblical references to demons do present a real problem which has not yet been satis-

factorily settled, and there is a strong case for a more searching and detailed examination.)

Giovanni della Paresi and his Italian-villain predecessors symbolize those diabolical powers, described by Karl Rahner, which have their own specific influence where the realities which can be experienced within this present world have a depth and power, although created, which are beyond man's command. These are the "principalities and powers" of this world which take the form of a refusal of God, the temptation of men and the perversion of the world.

If the Italian criminal monk and other Italian villains represent the product of prejudice, they also represent the common human experience of moral evil, of being manipulated and dehumanized by the "principalities and powers," which have often assumed an Italianate form: Roman imperialism, the perils of religion gone awry through an excess of *romanità*, Machiavellian and Fascist politics, the capitalist system's Italian origins and excesses, the Mafia.

English writers reached out into the mysterious world of Italy to create the symbols for the mysterious forces of evil which all mankind has at some-time experienced. Appropriately enough, a mysterious figure symbolizes a mysterious reality. Sometimes this meant the creation of a Zeluco, "a distant offshoot of the Elizabethan monsters produced in hatred against the Latin world by the imagination of Puritans" (Mario Praz, *The Romantic Agony*, p. 67); at other times it means the creation of Giovanni della Paresi for much the same reason.

The Italian villain, whether criminal monk or criminal layman, sins against God and society; he is in conflict with his origins and his own nature. He perseveres in evil to the end. He has a forceful and ingenious mind; he is obliged to have, because he must devise the endless machinations of evil which make up the intricate of the creative power of terror for the achievement of his dark purposes. An aura of romantic mystery shrouds this master organizer

in his fiendish attempts to control the lives of others, so that he occasionally appears as both a descendant of Lucifer and a precursor of the Romantic hero.

Peter Van Greenaway's Dominican gives some evidence that the Italian villain of the Elizabethan and Gothic traditions is not dead. For much of the Anglo-Saxon world his spirit lives on in such modern bogeys as imperialism, an excessively "Roman" Catholicism, cruder forms of capitalism, Fascism and the Mafia. His peculiarly Italian genius for organizing politics, religion, business and crime unsettles rivals and opponents. It was Giovanni della Paresi's Roman ancestor who gave the West its first prolonged experience of Empire; it was his medieval ancestor who inaugurated the capitalist system, establishing the first banks, teaching book-keeping, and dominating European commerce and finance. Perhaps no religion has been as consistently well-organized as Roman Catholicism. Mussolini had his methods for making the trains run on time, even though he never ceased to regret the miracles he might have wrought if he had had Germans for subjects. The recent spate of mafia books assures us that there is no crime like well-organized, Italian-style crime.

The Italian villain, whether criminal monk or criminal layman, is an integral part of the English-speaking world's image-making of Italy, a process which has gone on for centuries. Such a cultural preconditioning of Anglo-Saxons assumes a special significance in this period of America's new ethnic awareness. Inevitably, it constitutes an important element for ecumenism, where the credibility of Italian and Italianate churchmen is often low in the English-speaking world. From the age of Elizabeth to the age of Victoria, the Anglo-Saxon literary tradition of the Italian criminal monk casts a shadow over the Vatican for English Protestants.

It still casts a shadow. A Roman correspondent for an American magazine explained that the great front-page play which English newspapers gave the story about the exploitation of Indian maidens as nuns in European convents

was largely based on English prejudice against Mediterraneans and Catholics. The English loved the story because it represented just the sort of intrigue which they expect of Italian (Vatican) clerics and of Mediterraneans. Italians, Jews, Greeks, Arabs and Spaniards trafficking in innocent and helpless maidens seems quite normal to Englishmen. Although the magazine's stringers throughout Europe were unable to substantiate details of the story, it was sensationally successful in pandering to racism and religious bigotry. The criminal monk theme in English writing still survives in one form or another, whether in newspapers or novels like *The Judas Gospel*.

On the other hand, there are some aspects in which the Italian Villain would not appear to be totally a product of the English imagination. When the Italian genius for organization is perverted, we have many elements for the Gothic tales of terror of any epoch. Though it would be an exaggeration to affirm that the adjectives "imperialist," "capitalist," "Roman" Catholic, "Fascist," and "mafioso" were all made-in-Italy; nevertheless, they serve to describe for much of the English-speaking world large segments of human activity upon which the fine Italian hand has, at one time or another, exerted a sinister influence. The growing contemporary repudiation of these five "life-styles" represents a rejection of everything that the Elizabethan-Gothic Italian villain and his contemporary descendents, Giovanni della Paresi and Don Corleone, symbolize.



REVIEWERS

FATHER JOHN J. NAVONE, S.J., teaches at the Gregorian University in Rome.

KIRKPATRICK SALE is the author of the recently published *SDS*, a history of the Students for a Democratic Society, and is at work on a book about Nixon's economic and political power base.

VIVIAN MERCIER is the author of *The Irish Comic Tradition* (Galaxy paperback).

JOHN GARVEY is an editor with Templegate and edits a bi-weekly education newsletter, *University Today*.

BOOKS

How to tell lies (and get away with it?)

The Politics of Lying

DAVID WISE

Random House, \$8.95

Political Prisoners in America

CHARLES GOODELL

Random House, \$8.95

KIRKPATRICK SALE

Most Americans, it is still safe to assume, were surprised by the Watergate revelations, but among those who were probably *not* surprised were undoubtedly David Wise and Charles Goodell. For although they completed their books well before the full disclosures of the break-in and the attendant campaign of political sabotage, they both must have concluded that the Nixon Administration is so nearly on the brink of totalitarianism that practically anything it did to secure its power and threaten its opposition would seem perfectly in place.

Not that these writers, both liberal types, are always fully aware of the totalitarianism that lurks behind their cautionary tales, but that certainly is the impression their books convey, especially read in tandem. Wise tells in great detail of the official lying, deceit and hypocrisy practiced daily by the present government, the deeply ingrained system of secrecy and deception, and the enormous power of the hidden government that operates as it wishes beyond public knowledge and scrutiny. Goodell relates in similarly great detail the operations of the government's enormous police-state apparatus, the official machinery of repression to silence and crush dissent, and the interlocking relation of courts and prosecutors and police in the sanctioning of repression. Taken together, these two accounts give convincing, devastating evidence of America's progression to a red-white-and-blue autocracy.

Wise's book has so far received the

greater attention, probably because most people reckon a former newspaperman (*N.Y. Herald-Tribune* White House correspondent) can write a better book than a former politician (Senator from New York, 1968-70). But the fact is that Wise's journalistic approach in this instance is as much a drawback as an advantage. True, he has a lot of good stories to tell (for example, how the CIA secretly trained anti-Communist Tibetans in the mountains of Colorado), he has done some diligent digging (most especially in ferreting out the details of the government's superhumanly complex classification system), and he has gathered into one place all of the old bones that were scattered around at the bottom of Credibility Gap (Eisenhower's U-2 lies, Kennedy's Bay of Pigs deception, Johnson's Tonkin Gulf duplicity, Nixon's Vietnam falsifications)—all of this a real service. But he writes with all the styles of a Time Inc. dropout, he has no analyses or theories to tie together and amplify his various tales, and his proffered liberal patch-it-up solutions are merely ludicrous—and *this* is a real disservice, for the subject is clearly important and demands an astute and analytical mind.

Still, the special value of Wise's book is that it gives an unmistakable and chilling picture of how the American government has come to the point of using "systematic deception as an instrument of highest national policy" and how "the government's capacity to distort information to preserve its own political power is almost limitless." There are not checks on this, no balances other than the occasional clumsiness which comes to light, and the super-powerful President, with a vast apparatus at his command, has the power to achieve practically anything, from the repression of radicals at home to the bombing of peasants abroad—and maybe to the accomplishment of a

**Probing!
Penetrating!**
**IN 2 NEW BOOKS
MODERN MORALITY
COMES UNDER FIRE**

POLITICS, MEDICINE & CHRISTIAN ETHICS

A Dialogue with Paul Ramsey

CHARLES E. CURRAN

In his critical analysis of ethicist Ramsey's writings, the author, Professor of Theology at the Catholic University of America, goes right to the heart of contemporary issues such as justification of war, civil disobedience, abortion, artificial insemination, and dramatically illustrates the present state of ecumenical dialogue in Christian ethics.

Cloth — \$6.95

THE END OF THE TABOOS

An Ethics of Encounter

GÉRARD M. FOUREZ, S.J.

Our Western world has been Freudian-shaped by a repressive taboo morality. Can faithful Christians find an alternative? Father Fourez, a leader in the "human potential" movement within American Roman Catholicism, answers affirmatively with a strong challenge to the secular ways of understanding our current ethical dilemmas.

Paper — \$3.75



**AT
BOOKSTORES
NOW**

Philadelphia
Pennsylvania 19129

Purposeful Books of
Contemporary Christian Thought

true police state—without public awareness or redress. David Wise concludes, without hyperbole:

The consent of the governed is basic to American democracy. If the governed are misled, if they are not told the truth, or if through official secrecy and deception they lack information on which to base intelligent decisions, the system may go on—but not as a democracy. After nearly two hundred years, this may be the price America pays for the politics of lying.

Charles Goodell's book is even more frightening, as difficult as that may seem, for it directs itself specifically to the habit of mind and the machinery of state that is being used for outright repression of the politically unpalatable or threatening. It has its defects, too—chiefly the superficial run-throughs of the history of political prisoners from Zenger to Alger Hiss, and a certain cloying naïveté, a kind of this-can't-really-be-happening-here? attitude that persists in spite of his copious evidence that it is. But with a cool lawyer's style and a politician's tenacity (plus a good co-authoring job from one Michael Smith), Goodell offers the grisly facts of repression: the secret police (FBI, Narcs, others), state surveillance and bugging of dissidents (including U.S. Senators, among them Goodell), paid informers (Chicago 8, Harrisburg 7, Camden 27, etc.), a nationwide computer intelligence network, political prosecutors both federal and local, witch-hunting grand juries, and much else besides. The case is devastating.

Goodell is prepared to argue, and for the most part proves, such premises as these:

—“The Justice Department not only seems bent on using police-state tactics, it seems determined to make it as difficult as possible to raise Constitutional challenges to its techniques in courts of law.”

—Under Nixon “federal and local authorities [embarked] on a comprehensive program to suppress and to punish as “conspirators” those who encouraged, and some who merely talked about, civil disobedience [by violating]

the right to privacy, the right to freedom of speech, the right to equal protection of the laws, the right to assembly and association, the right to a reasonable bail, and the right to fair trial.”

—“The Nixon Administration has taken a harsh and hardened approach to the principles of an open society, creating an atmosphere stifling to civil liberties . . . they really believe that to save our democratic form of government it is necessary to use totalitarian methods.”

And, ultimately:

—“We are beginning to see, I think, a systematic attempt to put these elements together, to weave the threats/threads? of national secret police, intelligence gathering, informers, electronic surveillance, and modern computer technology in to a mechanism of social control that would be accepted practice only in a police state.”

I, for one, am persuaded by Goodell's lawyerly reasoning, as by Wise's journalistic thoroughness, that Goodell is right. We keep expecting totalitarianism to come here with brown shirts and swastikas and goose-stepping soldiers and ranting hate-mongers, and we are deluded by history. Totalitarianism is coming instead with the pious-eyed patriotism and cowboy amorality of a simple Richard Nixon, surrounded by church-going automatons and short-haired earnest youths, backed by an army of flag-waving businessmen willing to destroy this country in order to save it, and accompanied by the Marine Band, Bob Hope and John Wayne in red-white-and-blue blazers, Bart Starr and Bill Bradley signing autographs, and Walter Cronkite reporting all with mellifluous nonchalance. Indeed, on the evidence of these two books, it may already be here.

People Will Always Be Kind

WILFRID SHEED

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$7.95

VIVIAN MERCIER

“Don't ever again try to tell a story from more than one point of view,” says a Harvard creative-writing teacher

to Sam Perkins, Wilfrid Sheed's WASP narrator; but, by the time we read this advice, we know that Sheed himself has chosen to ignore it. *People Will Always Be Kind* (the title alludes to lines by Siegfried Sassoon: “Does it matter?—losing your legs? . . . /For people will always be kind . . .”) is divided into two parts, “Backgrounder” and “The Perkins Papers.” The first part shows how Brian Casey, only son of Irish-American middle-class New York parents, recovers from the polio attack he suffered at sixteen, conquers self-pity, and develops a fierce urge to win at poker, sex and politics. The omniscient narration here uses third person and past tense, but we see everything through Brian's eyes and mind, in the manner of Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. The second and rather shorter part is a first-person account by Sam of his experiences as speech writer, campaign biographer, and crony during Senator Brian Casey's campaign for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Sam aims to unmask Brian, but he may have succeeded better in exposing himself.

In adopting this method of telling his story, Sheed may have been making a virtue of necessity. Anybody who read all of his last book, *The Morning After*, a brilliant selection of his essays and reviews, should have learned two important facts about Sheed: he contracted polio while growing up, and he took part in Senator Eugene McCarthy's campaign for the Democratic nomination. Brian obviously can't be identified with either Wilf or Gene, but he probably contains elements of both; many readers will enjoy teasing out resemblances to the non-fiction Senator. For instance, Brian is a peace candidate with a doubtful record on some other issues dear to the liberals; unlike Gene, however, he wins the nomination, going on to lose the election. Again, whereas Sheed in his last book called McCarthy “a *Commonweal* Catholic,” Casey cannot boast the intellectual interests that such a description implies, doesn't it? Casey is apt, however, in spite of his craving for power, to treat other politicians

and many of his wealthy supporters with contempt or indifference; he seems lazy and casual, but in an emergency he can summon up extraordinary reserves of eloquence, charisma, and cunning. Over and over again, he makes moves that seem too radical, too sincere; the once-idealistic Sam, now hell-bent for election, often feels that all is lost, only to find that Casey hasn't really committed himself to anything and has won over more voters and contributors than he has alienated.

The least attractive aspect of Casey, one that bears no reference to McCarthy though perhaps a little to FDR, is his exploitation of his handicap: for all his conquest of self-pity, he never lets the voters forget his wheelchair, his braces, his crutches. Tritely, Casey has his sexual failings too: campaigning turns him on, so that, although he has a good Catholic wife and six children at home, he has busied himself at various times with another Senator's wife, a movie actress, numerous whores, and ultimately Sam's Catholic girl friend. At which point, yet more tritely, Sam quits the Casey organization for good.

In spite of this and a few other descents into cliché, Sheed tells a moving story and presents a genuinely complex character in the person of Senator Casey. This may well be Sheed's best novel to date, though I have not read some of his early ones. It differs most sharply from the general run of novels in its aspiration toward quotability: if Sheed had been a seventeenth-century Frenchman, he would have been happy writing nothing but aphorisms, instead of concocting longish novels in which to bury them—rather like building haystacks to hide needles in. I could end this review with a brief anthology of the wit and wisdom of Wilfrid Sheed, but it wouldn't be fair to him. A crack like "We were falling behind on our sin-production schedule" loses most of its snap when lifted out of context. So does Casey's observation that "he liked to hire high-minded people because they would do dirtier work for

nothing than low-minded people would do for hire." But sentences like these, turning up on nearly every page, give the reader little shocks of pleasure just not too big to distract him from the story and the characters. Sam says of Brian at one point, "I guess he could have managed a verbal interest in culture, everything got plowed into words with Casey. I pictured his real ancestors crouched in a peat bog, with nothing to do but talk. And occasionally push each other over. O.K.—how many Irish painters can you name?" Sheed's affection for pointed phrases seems a part of his current love affair with Irish-Americans and the native Irish—he himself being Anglo-Australo-American. I hope this amorous entanglement will produce another good novel or two before it cools.

The Gathering of the Ungifted

JOHN MEAGHER

Herder-Seabury, \$5.95

JOHN GARVEY

This is an exciting and important book. John Meagher's thesis is that faith is not given fully to each of us; it is a charism given to the church as a whole, through individuals, as prophecy is given—not for the sake of the individual but for the body of Christ in the world. What the creed formulates is the faith of the church as a whole. But "the liturgical recitation of the creed is something that far transcends the capacities of any individual," and much of our understanding of Christianity is "on loan from the faithed."

Meagher is concerned less with faith than with "ungiftedness"—the clumsy condition most of us, lacking the clarity of faith's fullness, have to live with. The ungifted, he says at the outset, "are those of us who don't seem to be measurable even in smaller fragments of the mustard seed. Far from being able to stand strong in the kind of confidence we can remember having had as children, we now find

that our sense of what the world needs sometimes seems to have no more to do with Christianity than with Gothic architecture. We look into ourselves for some remnant of the faith we recall having had, and discover that about the best we can come up with now is undisbelief."

And this "respectful undisbelief" is not a new problem. It has only become apparent in a community which no longer feels the need to consider itself Christian. "The child asks his elders, 'What is it that we believe?' . . . never noticing that there is something odd about being able to ask the question that way in the first place . . . The Ungifted normally went undiscovered—even by themselves . . ." Those who feel less than total conviction "need only, in joining themselves to the body of the church and being accepted by it, acknowledge that the normative Christian belief is not their own belief but that of the church itself." There are really no honest alternatives. It is this, or the abandonment of the com-

New Issue

MULTIRACIAL HOUSING AS AN INVESTMENT

PH PARTNERS IN HOUSING

Limited Partnership Interests

\$1,500 each, payable over 8 months.

GOAL: To participate in a tax sheltered real estate partnership providing quality housing for all people.

HELP END THE INJUSTICE OF CLOSED HOUSING.

Send for free prospectus

James Farmer & Morris Milgram
Partners in Housing, DEPT. C-7
8702 Crispin St., Phila., Pa. 19136

Name

Address

City State Zip

This ad is not an offer to sell, nor a solicitation of offers to buy these securities. The offering is made only by the prospectus—available only in states where these securities may be offered.

Neither the Attorney General of the State of N.Y. nor the Attorney General of the State of N.J. nor the Bureau of Securities of the State of N.J. has passed on or endorsed the merits of this offering. Any representation to the contrary is unlawful.

munity to which we know we are somehow joined, or the pretense that we believe what in fact we do not.

All of this is less radical than it might seem to those of us who were raised on the idea that faith is simply a gift infused at baptism. Some of his disciples, after all, remained in Jesus' company not because of any glowing certainty but because they had nowhere else to go. Meagher doesn't seem to recognize this negative appreciation or dim awareness as faith.

One of the book's few problems involves the occasional ambivalence Meagher gives the ideas of faith and "ungiftedness." For example, it is made clear that faith is vital to the community, but the "faithed" whose attitudes Meagher sets off against those of the "ungifted" come across as smug and cocksure . . . "saved" rather than gifted, I'd think.

Ungiftedness is likewise a shifty thing. At one point it is really the void, neither/nor and not either/or. At another it admits to not being sure about dogma, but recognizes Christianity as a wisdom from which we may grow. These two attitudes are radically different. The second constitutes the working definition of faith for many of us. And it *is* faith to recognize, however obscurely, that somewhere in what we have received there really is the pearl of great price, the seed worth cultivating, even if we are not sure we know how, or wonder whether in our case it has not fallen on shallow soil. This isn't faith in any dramatic sense, and Meagher seems to recognize only the kind that moves mountains.

It could be wrong to make ungiftedness a churchly category. It might be all right, I mean, to identify another person as a prophet; it would be wrong to call yourself one. Similarly, it would be wrong to accept ungiftedness as the category *you* fall into . . . a way of letting yourself off the hook, at its worst (and never mind what it would mean to put other people there). Where Meagher speaks of the Christian value of our unsureness—this is done with surprising and illuminating

force during the last few pages of the book—he says less about a specific sort of Christian than he does about the dangers of rigidity and religious pride, which can often look like confidence and perfect orthodoxy.

But this is a matter of emphasis, not a real problem. In the lovely Quaker phrase, Meagher usually "speaks to our condition." His major theme is about as basic as you can get, and gives him room to say a number of good things about Christianity and other religions, current religious trends, hope, love, and the way in which we participate in the church's life. His discussion of the truth to be found in other religious traditions makes use of a fruitful comparison between religion and language (one used in a similar way by Simone Weil). Meagher is also extremely critical of what he calls "overdemythologized" Christianity, and here he returns to the book's main theme: "No good purpose is served by trying to pretend that the earlier Christian church did not believe what it thought it believed. No good purpose is served by trying to pretend we really mean the same things if in fact we don't. And we are simply not in a position to dismiss the difference with a wave of the hand saying that it really does not matter. It has always mattered in the Christian past . . . has sometimes mattered to the death." He is not uncritical of that past, and understands the outrage felt by many at the church's social irrelevance. Christian truth, though not primarily political, will free the poor and oppressed. "Any movement or government or religion that does not long for, and work for, that liberation has missed out on an important part of the Truth."

John Meagher's considerations on hope (the virtue the ungifted must necessarily be best at) and love lead to a chapter on the church itself, and here he does beautifully what only a few writers manage to do at all. In writing of our participation in one another he moves from the concrete to the cosmic, not only by way of comparison but somehow through the

reality of the experience itself. Rosemary Haughton is the only other contemporary religious writer I can think of who can bring this sort of thing off. The final chapters of the book—on the church, the "gathering," and the ungifted in the church—are delicately done, incredibly good, offering insights which are so clearly *right* as to be startling.

In a jacket blurb he shares with Gregory Baum and Rosemary Ruether (a sharing which is a surprise in itself) Andrew Greeley compares Meagher's style to that of C. S. Lewis. It is a good comparison. But there is an important difference. Lewis was primarily an apologist, a defender of orthodox Christianity. When he offered a personal insight or new idea which might seem at all unorthodox he was careful to point out that it was his own, not necessarily the church's. Meagher's appreciation of Christian orthodoxy is rich, and he communicates it elegantly. But he is doing something else, examining hard questions which individual believers and the church as a whole really must face. When and if the church gets the Oxford Movement it needs so badly, John Meagher could be one of its most important voices.



IN BRIEF

A LITERARY GUIDE TO IRELAND by Susan and Thomas Cahill, Scribners, \$8.95. So warm and loving is this book's image of Ireland that I am eager to forgive its shortcomings as literary criticism. The Cahills take us to more than a dozen parts of the country, ending in Dublin, and in each they point to places of topographical and historical interest and tell us where to eat and sleep, how to get about, and what to look for. What distinguishes their book from other guides, besides its rare exuberance, is that each locale visited is associated with the writer or writers who have lived there—Spenser's Kilcolman Castle, Synge's Aran Islands, Lady Gregory's Coole Park—which leads to discussions

of the writers and their work. To a point these are fine; though one could learn elsewhere that the statuary Swift's Vanessa ordered for him from the Continent still adorns the gardens at Celbridge Abbey, and that Dlugacz's, the butcher shop Bloom visits in *Ulysses*, never existed, it is helpful (and fun) to have such information gathered in a single volume. But when the Cahills go beyond such matters of fact to speculate on *how* places determined lives and books, their critical method becomes too fanciful and subjunctive: "perhaps" Swift believed this, "perhaps" he believed that; "how confused" a certain family "must have been"; a medieval castle "would have stirred the mind" of the younger Joyce. This sort of conjecture falls short of serious literary investigation, but even it possesses the old-fashioned charm typical of the whole book.

MARK TAYLOR

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 395)

And, finally, to begin by characterizing Merton's monastic calling as "a calling not so much to engage in a search for faith as to celebrate the love of God and the sense of God's power" packages him too, too superficially. Shame, such hyper-romanticizing! The "desert" was *always* part of Merton's monastic consciousness, especially the years in the hermitage. He was no "static" believer. The search for faith—the journey to growth, continued transformation which he logs in the late 60s—was so *real* and an experienced theology of the Cross. That is a very great part of his legacy! His triumph is his poems where we partake of his imaginative, creative search and vision.

GEORGE KILCOURSE

Toronto, Ontario

To the Editors: Mr. Benjamin Saltman, in his May 11 article, "Thomas Merton and the Divided Power," confesses to a certain regret that the melodic poet of uncomplicated sensibility has gone sour. As Merton's unquenchable spirit

quenches, Mr. Saltman muses that the poetic cenobite has experienced a diminution of faith. How else is it possible to account for Merton's lamentable decline of joy and its undaunted celebration?

I suggest that Mr. Saltman's analysis is misleading at best, and serves only to contribute to some already prevalent assumptions on Merton's talent and faith that are fallacious.

Merton experienced no eclipse of faith but a maturation, an expansion of religious sensibility, that embraced the dreams of Macarius, Ruysbroeck, Hesse, and Zen. He did not abandon the youthful vigor manifest in his early poetry, he transformed it with a searing subtlety, demanded not by the age but by his art. As a maker of myths Merton did not forsake the truths, simple and pure, that he held precious since his conversion, he re-worked them with the daring of that heterodox dreamer of visions and his master, Blake.

The *spoken music* of the mystic, Mr. Saltman, is surely more like the mysterious evocations of Delphic priests than the rapturous professions of joy-struck minstrels.

Merton's later poetry is highly problematical yes, but not for the reasons Mr. Saltman lamely gives.

MICHAEL W. HIGGINS
York University

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

Michael Novak (Cont.)

Messiah in Nazareth, or "fulfillment" in marriage?) It is involvement in "useless" things: in smells and rashes, steak dinners and libidinous touches, yellow-smelly diapers and the insistent noise of children, temper tantrums and bitter irritations. Marriage is Catholic earthiness.

But celibacy is a signal of eternity. Celibacy recalls the sufferings of flesh, mortality, and fickleness. Celibacy is a symbol of a life committed to the center of existence, to something steady and enduring and eternal. In all our marriages, such a center is implicit. It

calls us to fidelity, reminds us that we participate in depths we do not plumb. Married persons need celibacy. When celibacy becomes "a dead scene," so does marriage.

For without transcendence, without the Absolute at the heart of all things living, life loses savor. Pleasure is possible, and even spiritual adventure. But joy disappears. That joy, at least, of our connection to the "Love that moves the sun and all the stars."

(To be continued.)

Classified

RATES: 50c a word, one time; 48c, three times; 45c, seven times; 42c, thirteen times. Twelve words minimum. For box numbers add 50c per insertion. Classified payable with order; monthly in advance for more than three times. COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Spanish

● LEARN SPANISH IN MEXICO. If you really want to learn Spanish intensively and economically, start any Monday at CIDOC. For catalog on language school and de-schooled academy, write: CIDOC, APDO 479, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Newsletter

● THE VINEYARD: independent Orthodox newsletter \$3.00 yearly, 1745 No. Cicero, Chicago, Ill. 60639.

Pastoral Education

● NEEDED: Director of Pastoral Education to research and implement new forms of ministry for clergy, religious, and laity of the Green Bay Diocese. Write: Director, Sacred Heart Center, Oneida, Wisconsin 54155.

Vacations

● WORLD FELLOWSHIP CENTERS. White Mountains and Catskill retreats for Establishment-weary city dwellers of the Spock-Berrigan-Ellsberg genre who dig exchanging weltanschauungs. Controversial speakers, discussions, films. Excellent cuisines. Non-profit rates. Send for candid brochure. Thanks. WORLD FELLOWSHIP, Kerhonkson, N.Y. 12446.

Stickers

● NO AMNESTY FOR NIXON stickers, 18"x3". 5/\$1, 100/\$10, 1000/\$50. N.A.F.N.G., Box 9315, Berkeley, Calif.

Magazine

THE NATION, the 108-year old weekly still ahead of its time. Carey McWilliams, Editor. Try 4 issues for only \$1. THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., Room 610, New York, N.Y. 10014.

R.I.P.

Rev. Peter Edward Sheehan, C.S.B., Ph.D. September 11, 1927—July 26, 1972.

Special Trial Subscription

Return Coupon from page 406

17 Issues for \$3

Commonweal: 415



Force of habit is a powerful thing. Especially when it comes to purchasing collection envelopes. But if you don't shop around, you can never be sure that you are receiving the highest quality collection envelopes at the most economical price. You may be spending more, getting less (in quality and contributions).

Our proposal is a simple one. Let us give you a cost quotation. Then we'll tell you one of two things. That you're better off with your current supplier and shouldn't change. Or that we've found

a way to save you money, and perhaps a way to increase your contributions. Either way you benefit.

And no matter what kind of service you are presently receiving — annual boxed sets, monthly mailing, data processing, custom printing — OUR SUNDAY VISITOR can handle it. After all, we've been supplying Catholic parishes with collection envelopes for over 55 years.

Find out for yourself the value of breaking old habits. Fill out and return the coupon below.

OUR SUNDAY VISITOR, Inc.			c
Envelope Dept.			
Noll Plaza / Huntington, Indiana 46750			
I'm interested in finding out exactly how much money my parish can save through collection envelopes from OUR SUNDAY VISITOR.			
I would like further information on:			
☐ Annual boxed sets	☐ Monthly mailing	☐ Data processing	
Name _____ (please print)			
Church _____			
Address _____			
City _____	State _____	Zip _____	



OUR SUNDAY VISITOR, Inc.
Envelope Dept.
Noll Plaza
Huntington, Indiana 46750